

THE
NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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G. B. AGNEW, N. Y. LOCK BOX 647.

VOL. XLVI.

NOVEMBER, 1890.

No. 4.

LITTLE SOLDIER.*

"LIT." PRIZE TRANSLATION. BOWDRE PHINIZY, GEORGIA.

EACH Sunday as soon as they were free, the two little soldiers set out walking. After leaving the barracks, they turned to the right, passed through Courbevoie, with long, quick strides, as if they were doing military duty. Then having left the houses behind, they followed, at a slower gait, the big road, bare and dusty, which stretches out to Bezons.

They were small and thin, and seemed lost in their military frock-coats, which were much too big and too long. The sleeves hung down and covered their hands. And they were much embarrassed by their immense red breeches, which made them open their legs wide in walking fast. Under the stiff, high shako, you could see only the shadow of a face—two poor, empty Breton faces, simple with an

*From the French of Guy DeMaupassant.

almost animal naturalness, and big blue eyes gentle and calm.

They never spoke during the walk, going on straight ahead, with the same idea in mind, which took the place of conversation. For they had found at the edge of a little grove in Champieux a spot which reminded them of their own country, and they only felt happy when they were there.

When they came beneath the trees, just where the two roads from Colombes and Châton cross each other, they took off their hats, which pressed down upon their heads, and wiped their brows. They always stopped a little while upon the bridge of Bezons, to look at the Seine. They lingered there two or three minutes, bent double, leaning over the railing. Or, perhaps, they would gaze at the great lake of Argenteuil, where the white and slanting sails of the clippers running before the wind doubtless reminded them of their own Breton sea, of the port of Vannes, of which they were neighbors, and of the fishing-smacks putting out across the Morbihan towards the ocean.

After crossing the Seine, they purchased their provisions from the pork merchant, the baker, and the wine merchant of the country. A bit of blood-pudding, four sous' worth of bread, and a pint of cheap blue wine, made up their rations, all of which they carried off in their handkerchiefs. But as soon as they left the village they began to walk along with very slow steps, and also began talking.

Before them lay a barren plain studded with tree clumps, over which led the way to the wood, a little wood, but which seemed to them to resemble that of Kermarivan. Wheat and oats lay on either side of the little path, which was soon lost to view amid the fresh verdure of the growing crops. And Jean Kerderen would say every time to Luc Le Ganidec, "Every thing looks very much as it does around Plounivon."

"Yes, it is very much alike."

They walked along side by side, their minds full of vague remembrances of their home of awakened images—pictures

as simple as the colored sheets that sell for a penny. They saw again some familiar field-corner, a hedge, a bit of moor, a cross-road, a granite cross. Each time, too, they would stop near a stone that marked a certain boundary. For this stone had something on it like the cromlech of Locneuven. Coming up to the first clump of trees, Luc Le Ganidec broke off every Sunday a switch, a willow switch, and began to peel off the bark very slowly, thinking all the while of the folks at home.

Jean Kerderen carried the provisions.

Occasionally Luc mentioned a name, or called up some childish deed in a word or two only, which put them to thinking for a long time. And their country, that dear, far off land, gradually took possession of them and despite the distance, sent them, and surrounded them with its familiar figures, its sounds, its well-known landscape, its odors—the smell of the green land where the salt sea air blows over. They were no longer aware of the scent arising from the Parisian trash heaps, on which the earth of the suburbs fattens, but of the perfume of the flowering broom which the ocean breeze plucks and bears away. And the sails of the barges, just visible above the river bank, looked like the sails of the coasting vessels, sighted out beyond the long plain which stretches from their home down to the very edge of the waves.

They walked along very slowly, Luc Le Ganidec and Jean Kerderen, content and sad, haunted by a gentle sadness—the mild but penetrating sorrow of some caged animal who seems to remember.

And when Luc had finished peeling the little stick of its bark, they had come to that spot in the wood where they breakfasted every Sunday. They found again the two bricks that they had hid in a thicket, and lighted a little fire of twigs to cook their pudding, stuck on the point of a bayonet. And when they had eaten breakfast, devoured their bread even to the last crust, and drunk their wine to the last drop,

they remained seated upon the grass, side by side. Speaking naught, with eyes fixed on the distance, and eyelids full and heavy, fingers crossed as at mass, and their red legs spread out alongside the common field poppies. The shining leather on their shakos and their brass buttons glistened in the bright sun, causing the larks to stop in their singing as they flew over their heads.

Towards noon they began to look, from time to time, in the direction of the village of Bezons. For it was about time that the girl with the cow was coming. She passed them every Sunday in going to milk and pasture out again her cow—the only cow in this neighborhood that was put out to graze. And its pasture was a narrow strip of meadow beyond the edge of the wood, further on. Soon they saw the maid—the only human being walking across the country. And they brightened up very much under the brilliant reflections cast off from her shining milk-pail by the sun's rays. They never spoke about her. They were content only in seeing her, without knowing why.

She was a large, strong-looking girl, freckled and burned by the heat of sunny days—a big, hardy, country lass.

Once, seeing them again seated in the same spot, she had said to them, "Good-day. Do you always come here?" Luc Le Ganidec, the more daring of the two, managed to say:

"Yes, we come to rest." That was all. However, the next Sunday, seeing them again, she began to smile, smiling with the protective kindliness of feminine insight. For she felt that they were timid. She asked them, "What are you doing there? Are you watching the grass grow?"

Luc felt his spirits revived by this and smiled also. "Perhaps," said he.

She continued: "My! that's not very lively." He replied, still smiling, "No, it's not." The girl passed on. But coming back with her bucket full of milk she stopped again in front of them and said:

"Do you want a taste? It will remind you of home."

Prompted by her instinct, for all of them were of the same rank in life, and she, too, perhaps, was far away from home, the girl had guessed their longings and touched them exactly. They were much moved, both of them. Then she made a little of the milk, after a great deal of trouble, trickle into the neck of the glass bottle in which they had brought their wine. Luc drank first, taking little sips and stopping every second to see whether he had not drunk more than his share. Then he passed the bottle to Jean.

The girl stood up in front of them, her hands resting on her hips, her bucket on the ground near her feet, well satisfied with the pleasure that she gave. Then she went off, saying, "I must go. Good-by till Sunday." And they followed her with their eyes as long as they could see her, until her tall figure, getting farther and farther away, and growing smaller and smaller, seemed to lose itself in the surrounding verdure of the fields.

As they were leaving the barracks the week after, Jean said to Luc:

"We ought to buy her something nice, oughtn't we?" And they stopped, perplexed over the question of choosing something nice for the girl with the cow. Luc thought that a bit of chitterlings was the very thing, but Jean preferred candy, for he loved sweet things. His advice carried the day and they purchased, at the grocer's, two sous' worth of red and white candy.

They breakfasted more hurriedly than was usual, eager with expectation. Jean was the first to see her. "There she is," he cried. Luc answered "Yes, there she is." She smiled, catching sight of them while yet a good way off.

"Does everything go as you wish it?" she cried.

They replied together, "And how goes it with you?"

Then she talked with them, speaking of simple things such as would interest them—the weather, the crops and

her masters. They didn't dare offer her their candy, which all the time was slowly melting in Jean's pocket. Luc at last plucked up courage and said, "We've brought you something." "What is it?" she asked. Then Jean, blushing to his ears, pulled out the little paper bag and handed it to her. She began to eat the bits of sugar, rolling them from one cheek to the other, making lumps beneath the flesh. The two soldiers seated in front of her looked over, much moved and delighted.

Then she went to milk her cow, and coming back, again gave them some more milk. They thought of her the whole week and even spoke of her several times.

The next Sunday she sat down and chatted a longer time. All three of them seated side by side, with eyes lost in the distance and knees clasped in their hands, talked of the little going-ons and minor details of their life in the villages where they were born. While the cow down there, seeing the maid stopping on the way, turned its big thick head with dripping nostrils towards her and lowed for a long time to attract her attention. The girl was soon prevailed upon to eat a bite of bread with them and take a swallow of wine. Often she brought them plums in her pockets. For plum time had come. Her presence sharpened the wits of the two little Breton soldiers. They now chattered like two birds.

One Tuesday Luc Le Ganidec asked for permission to leave the barracks—a thing that had never happened before. He did not return till ten o'clock that night! Jean was uneasy, and sought over and over again in his mind for what reason his comrade could have had in leaving thus. The following Friday, Luc having borrowed ten sous from his bed-fellow, again asked and obtained leave for several hours.

And when he started out with Jean for their Sunday walk, his manner was curious. He was very nervous and quite different. Kerderen could not understand it, but he

vaguely suspicioned something without inquiring what it could be. They did not speak a word all the way out to their usual stopping place. From sitting so much in the same spot they had quite worn away the grass. The breakfast proceeded slowly. Neither of them was at all hungry.

Soon the girl appeared. They watched her coming as they did every Sunday. When she was quite near, Luc got up and took a couple of steps forward. She dropped her bucket on the ground, and kissed him. She kissed him passionately, casting her arms about his neck, not noticing Jean, without seeing him, without dreaming that he was there. And he sat there distracted; he, the poor Jean. So distracted that he did not understand it at all, disturbed in soul and heart broken, without yet knowing it himself. Then the girl sat down by Luc, and they began to talk.

Jean did not look at them. He knew now why his comrade had left twice during the week. And he felt within him a sharp grief, a kind of wound—that anguish caused by treason. Luc and the girl got up, and went off together to change the cow's pasture. Jean followed them with his eyes. He saw them going off side by side. The red breeches of his comrade made a bright spot in the road. It was Luc who picked up the mallet and drove down the stake which held the cow. The girl stooped down to milk her, while Luc patted the cow's sharp back with heedless hand. They then left the bucket on the grass, and entered deep into the wood. Jean no longer saw anything but the wall of leaves where they had entered. And he felt so dazed, that if he had tried to get up he would have surely fallen. He remained motionless, overcome with astonishment and suffering—a suffering simple and deep. He wanted to cry, to run away, to hide himself and never to see any one any more.

Suddenly he saw them coming from the thicket. They returned slowly, holding one another by the hand, as those

do who are betrothed in the villages. It was Luc who carried the bucket. They kissed once more before leaving, and the girl went off after having thrown a friendly "good evening" to Jean, and a smile, full of intelligence. She did not think of offering him any milk that day.

The two little soldiers sat side by side motionless as ever, silent and calm. The quietness of their faces showed nothing of what was troubling their hearts. The sun was shining upon them. The cow occasionally looked at them from the distance, and lowed. At the usual hour, they got up to return. Luc plucked a switch. Jean carried the empty bottle. He left it with the wine merchant of Bezons. Then they went upon the bridge, and, as they did every Sunday, stopped in the middle a few minutes to look at the running water.

Jean leaned over, farther and farther over, the iron railing, as if he saw something in the current which attracted him. Luc said to him, "Are you trying to drink there?"

No sooner had he said the last word than Jean's head overbalanced the rest of his body, his legs flew up, describing a circle in the air, and the little red and blue soldier fell in a heap, entered and disappeared beneath the water. Luc tried in vain to cry out. His throat was paralyzed with anguish. He saw farther down something moving. Then the head of his comrade rose to the surface of the river, only to enter it as soon.

Still farther down he saw, again—this time a hand, a single hand, which rose from the stream and then plunged into it. That was all. The boatmen that came running up could not find the body that day. Luc returned alone to the barracks, running along, his head nearly bursting. He told of the accident, his eyes and voice suffused with tears. He blew his nose again and again.

"He leaned over—he leaned over—so far—so far that his head turned a somerset—and—and—he fell—he fell——!"

He could speak no more. His emotion was too great. If he had only known!

THE SAINT OF THE CENTURY.

PICTURES of saints of ages gone
Are thrown athwart the floor,
And a single ray of the setting sun
Steals in thro' the old church door;
It falls like a halo round the head
Of a kneeling figure repeating the prayer,
Whose dark eyes now are discreetly closed—
The Saint of the Century, passing fair.

Still—so still, is the vaulted room,
Save the murmur of the air.
The stained glass throws on the opposite wall
An angel's image there;
But the figure kneeling so prayerfully,
With the sunshine caught in her gold-brown hair,
Is thinking of somebody now, I know—
The Saint of the Century, passing fair.

Will her voice be as soft, will her eyes be as mild,—
When I tell her, I wonder. Shall I dare
To tell her I love her—ask her to be
My Saint of the Century, passing fair?

BURTON EGBERT STEVENSON.

AUTUMN IN AMERICAN POETRY.

"Sorrow and the scarlet leaf
Agree not well together."

THE conditions under which the literature of any country is developed will account largely for the characteristics of that literature. Both its defects and its merits are developed from the physical and moral circumstances which surround it. And while this is true of all literature, it is especially true of poetry, which is nothing if it is not faithful to the sentiments of the writer himself. In perhaps no department can you read between the lines and determine

the spirit of an age, the religious character of a people, the physical characteristics of a country, and even the outlines of history, as in that of poetry. And if we should distinguish between them we should give special prominence to the fidelity of the poetry of nature, as she reveals herself, in sky and on land and water to the mind of the singer.

All this is exemplified in the history and development of American poetry. The busy life of our early colonists, leaving no leisure for refinement in their battle with the soil, and the struggle for independence absorbing the whole energies of the nation, is not the less seen in that of the literature which they naturally developed than in its antagonism to romance, leaving us nothing of poetry worthy of the name. It was not till the passing years gave time for thought that poetry arose, and a poetry whose peculiarities are in keeping with the principles I have named.

If Italy has her unrivalled sky and if Scotland has her hills, the United States may glory for what nature has done for her templed groves and wooded hills in the later months of the year. Certainly no country, holding a prominent place in literature, can present such scenes of gorgeous and varied beauty; nowhere does nature shade her colors more exquisitely, and nowhere does she throw about the fading year a mantle of such glorious beauty and significance. As a natural consequence we find that autumn tints, autumn scenes and autumn thoughts abound in the writings of those who, because lovers of poetry, are also lovers of nature.

It would be time profitably spent if one should gather some of the autumn fruits from the pages of our poets.

The most perfect autumn poem in our literature is "The Closing Scene," by Buchanan Read. It has been said that in Buchanan Read the arts of the painter and the poet have been joined in the same same person. Witness his autumn scenery:

" Within the sober realm of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tanned reaper, in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

" The gray barns, looking from their hazy hills,
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

" All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued;
The hills seemed further and the streams sang low,
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow."

But if this charming poem is the most perfect autumn picture, the chief claim to the title of the "Poet of Nature" belongs to William Cullen Bryant. This is the more strange as he spent the most of his life in the throng of the city and amidst political conflicts. But he never lost his youthful love of nature, and in his leisure moments his thoughts forsook the city and roamed among the leafy forests, the peaceful valleys and the wide sea of prairies. The perpetual autumn of his writings is especially peculiar. Some of the finest of his poems will be found in "The Voice of Autumn," "The Death of the Flowers," "My Autumn Walk," "November" and "October," which contains the following:

" Ay, thou art welcome, Heaven's delicious breath,
When woods begin to near the crimson leaf,
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.

" Wind of the sunny South, oh, still delay
In the gay woods and in the golden air,
Like to a good old age, released from care,
Journeying in long serenity away."

What color there is in his "Autumn Woods," where we see—

" The mountains that unfold,
In their wide sweep, the colored landscape round,
Seem groups of giant kings, in purple and gold,
That guard the enchanted ground."

The very opposite of Bryant is James Russell Lowell, reveling in great cities and their cries, and setting them to rhyme with hearty enjoyment. Although his poetical poems are, for the most part, set on fire by political zeal, yet he was not beyond the sway of our autumnal scenery when he tells how

"One morn of autumn lords it o'er the rest,
When in the lane I watched the ash leaves fall,
Balancing softly earthward without wind,
Or twirling with directer impulse down
On those fallen yesterday, now barbed with frost,
While I grew pensive with the pensive year."

T. B. Aldrich paints for us this scene :

"And now the orchards which were white
And red with blossoms when she came,
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime ;
The clustered apples burnt like flame ;
The soft-cheeked peaches blusht and fell ;
The ivory chestnut burst its shell ;
The grapes hung purpling in the grange."

So Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman's "Still Day in Autumn" takes us into the dreamy atmosphere of the beautiful September days :

"I love to wander through the woodlands hoary,
In the soft light of an autumnal day,
When summer gathers up her robe of glory,
And like a dream of beauty glides away."

"Warm lights are on the sleepy uplands waning
Beneath soft clouds along the horizon rolled,
Till the slant sunbeams through their fringes raining
Bathe all the hills in melancholy gold."

In one of Alice Carey's songs of the autumn days, she writes of summer :

"She lies on pillows of the yellow leaves,
And tries the old tunes over for an hour."

Another poet, Mrs. Helen Hunt tells us how

" Her fringes done,
The gentian spreads them out in sunny days."

Lowell's "Indian Summer Reverie" is full of that rich tint which gives its charm to "The Moon of Falling Leaves":

" The swamp-oak, with his royal purple on,
Glazes red as blood across the setting sun,
As one who prouder to a fallen fortune cleaves;
He looks a sachem, in red blanket wrapt."

" The maple-swamps glow like a sunset sea,
Each leaf a ripple with its separate flush."

" The woodbine up the elms' straight stem aspires,
Colling it, harmless, with autumnal fires."

And Longfellow watches autumn coming

" With banners, by great gales incessant fanned
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand !
* * * like Charlemagne
Upon the bridge of gold ; * * * ."

And none but he wrote this :

" Morn on the mountain, like a summer bird
Lifts up her purple wing, and in the vales
The gentle wind, a sweet passionate wooer
Kisses the blushing leaf, and stirs up life
Within the solemn woods of ash deep-crimsoned,
And silver beach, and maple yellow-leaved,
Where autumn, like a faint old man, sits down
By the wayside weary."

Whittier is pre-eminently a poet of nature as nature reveals herself in New England; and not even Bryant has painted so lovingly, so often, and so well, the varied aspects of autumn.

The ripened corn, the yellow pumpkin and the huskings, what Emerson calls "autumn's sunlit festivals," he has not scorned. He sees it all in a halo of "that light which never

was on sea or land." That calm trust in the divine love which is the sum of Whittier's ardent faith, shows itself also in his delight in God's works and the smoothness and quiet beauty of sentiment for which his poems are loved. What a fine figure in the lines—

"And purple bluffs, whose belting wood
Across the waters leaned, to hold
The yellow leaves like lamps of gold."

How true to nature "The Last Walk in Autumn," when we see—

"Along the river's summer walk
The withered tuft of asters nod,
And trembles on its arid stalk
The hoar plume on the golden-rod;
And on the ground of sombre fir,
And azure studded juniper,
The silver birch its buds of purple shows,
And scarlet berries tell where bloomed the sweet wild rose."

And from the decaying of the year the poet draws this hope:

* * * * * * *

"And I will trust that he who heeds
The life that hides in mead and wold,
Who hangs yon alders' crimson beads,
And stains these mosses green and gold,
Will still, as he hath done, incline
His gracious care to me and mine,
Grant what we ask aright, from wrong debar,
And as the earth grows dark, make brighter every star."

Florence Percy's "Left Behind," from the first stanza to the last, is full of autumn melancholy.

"It was the autumn of the year,
The strawberry leaves were red and sere;
October's airs were fresh and chill;
When, pausing on the windy hill,
The hill that overlooks the sea,
You talked confidingly to me."

Among the brief poems that we love to read, but cannot quote, is "The First," by Hannah F. Gould. Pervaded with sentiments, deep and real, is "The Latter Rain," by Jones Very, and such poems as "October" and "Asters and Golden Rod," by Mrs. Helen Hunt.

And to return once more to him who has been ranked as first among our poets of nature, Bryant writes of the latest autumn:

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere."

Even after this period of dimness, the atmosphere grows warm and spicy and hazy, and there is a soft flush over the fields and woods, like the after-glow of a gorgeous sunset. If ever there is poetry in the air we breathe, it is during the Indian summer. Those days

"When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill."

We love Bryant's "Death of the Flowers" and "Fringed Gentian" as we do these last flowers of the year, and the beautiful season in which they bloom, and even as we do the poet himself, who was almost the first to open American eyes to the loveliness of our wild flowers, and to the peculiar beauty of our autumn scenery.

Writers upon American literature in other lands have not failed to attempt to gather to the honor of their own countries whatever laurels belong to American verse, on the score of imitation. They tell us with persistent reiteration that our writers have "sought the sources and themes," as well as "the rules and the sanctions of their art in the Old World;" that our poets "have not sung to us what is most beautiful in the kind of life we lead," and that "we still read the old English wisdom and harp upon the ancient strings." These Autumn poems do not stand alone in refutation of this exaggerated criticism. Acknowledging fully

and freely our indebtedness to the rich stores of Old World culture and history, such poems as "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline," the political contributions of Lowell, the national lyrics of Whittier, and the peculiarly American themes of Bryant, are evidence that our poets, at least, have found many of the sources of their inspiration in their own land. And it is an added proof of the originality and maturity of our American poetic spirit that so large and varied a collection of poems of Nature can be made which could only have been written under American skies and by those who had held converse with Nature in her American dress.

CHARLES OGDEN MUDGE.

THE SPY.

With a crunching sound
On the frozen ground
Pick-axe and spade are at work, over there
Just beyond the hill, in the morning still
They are busily plied, with no time to spare.
They've been hard at work since the sun's first ray,
For they're digging the grave of a man to-day;
And all through the camp there's a sense of dread,
For they're digging a grave for a man not dead.
Then reveille sounds, 'tis the first parade
And they give a short rest to the axe and spade.

Then brought out to die
Is the captured spy.
Every man in the ranks draws a long, deep breath
As they wheel into line at the place of death.
They keep a sharp touch at the elbow and knee,
Each dreading the sight that he's got to see.
Each face is pale as the line is dressed,
Each heart is beating, each lip compressed,
But the calmest of all is the captured spy;
Not a tremor of limb, not a quiver of eye—
He's wide with his thoughts in the far north land,
Sees the mountains again where the pine trees stand,

Sees an old, stained house in a clearing there,
And some pasture bars—and the face so fair
Of the one he loves as she said good-bye.
He raises his face to the snow-pent sky
And breathes a prayer that she may not know,
Then looks at the ground, and the dirt-strewn snow,
And they show him the spot he's to kneel upon.
"Ah, could I but die with my uniform on!"
He thinks to himself, yet shows no alarm,
And kisses the flag on his tatooed arm.
His eyes are bandaged, his hands drawn tight—
All is hushed and dark as the blackest night;
An order is given, low and clear,
But not so low that he cannot hear.
There's a crash, a lurch, a convulsive roll,
A heave of the chest and a fleeting soul
That leaves the shell lying mangled there,
With the blood and dirt in the tangled hair;
The semblance of something that was a man,
Full of life and strength when the day began.

"Forward! Guide right!"

Back once more, out of sight
Of the pick and the spade at work again,
Where they bury that soldier boy from Maine.
The brigade's on the march to the silent camp,
The snow is melting, the air is damp,
A blue-bird twitters—a sign of spring,
A crow flies over on lazy wing,
The earth peeps forth in dark sweltering spots;
Some scattered leaves show a few red clots—
Never mind! perhaps it will snow to-night
And all will be hidden, and smooth, and white.
And the prayer he breathed, it was surely heard,
For how he had died, she received no word.
'Tis his general's secret where he died,
And why he was there, and how he was tried.
His name was reported among the "missed,"
With hundreds and more on the self-same list;
But she's waited, and waited, from day to day,
Till her face is wrinkled, and hair turned grey;
And no one remembers his name or face,
And the grave of the spy is an unmarked place.

JAMES BARNES.

"L'ETOILE."

A NEW model had come. She posed for very few. It was evidently her first attempt. No one knew her. These models usually go by sobriquets; so when one of us said that our fair unknown was as beautiful as a star, the name clung to her, and thereafter she was known as *L'Etoile*.

Whence she came or where she lived we could not tell, and, indeed, did not care. This much we did know—that in those dark winter evenings she would leave the studio closely wrapped from head to foot, in that dark brown shawl of hers, which had just a dash of red in it here and there, and that once outside the door and on the street she would disappear in the crowd.

Soon after *L'Etoile* came to us a stranger artist joined our circle. His name, he said, was Dauvin—Esprit Dauvin. The first day we met him we were struck with his resemblance to our model. He seemed about the same height, his hair, which fell in ringlets on his shoulders, was of the same dark shade, and his eyes had *L'Etoile's* deep, intense color. Sister and brother were never more alike. Once in his studio, we laughingly told him that if his moustache were shaved off, and his hair were longer and bound up in a knot on his head, he would make a second *L'Etoile*. He flushed slightly, and without a word bent closer over his canvas. After that no one spoke to him of our beautiful model; and we took it for granted that we were right in our supposition as to their relationship. We had it from his own lips, too, that she never posed for him. He was very quiet and seldom had much to say, and when in that soft and womanly voice of his he did speak, it was never about himself. He was a puzzle. But we liked him. There was something in him—we could not tell what—that made us like him, mysterious as he was.

I went to his studio one day. It was a small room up at the top of a rickety flight of stairs in a gloomy by-street.

He was painting a new picture. It was simple, and the idea perhaps was not exceptionally original—a fisher-girl standing on a rock-strewn shore, gazing at a piece of wreckage that the waves had borne in their restless hands and laid at her bare, brown feet. Across the bottom of the picture was scrawled in crayon: "The omen."

The maiden's face was all that Dauvin had as yet finished, but I saw at once that the whole life of the painting would be centered there. It was a strangely touching face—a face that appealed to your heart—one that you would almost have spoken to had you not half-feared that the sound might cause that look to change. Longing love and hope struggling against evil foreboding, were portrayed in those wistful, deep blue eyes; and the tightly compressed lips told how that heart was beating—beating in fear for the safety of perchance a sailor-lover, who was far, far away! Ah, Heaven; guard him! The rest of the picture was barely sketched in, excepting the sunny waves, which had been highly touched with color.

I stood some time before the easel, moved by the sadness and tenderness of that face. Turning at length to congratulate Dauvin, I saw two tears trembling in his eyelids, and then I realized that to him there was a meaning in "The Omen." What was it? He did not seem to care to talk, and soon after I left him.

The days and weeks came and went and thus twelve months passed, when one day we missed our brother artist, and that same evening our model failed to keep her appointment. The next day it was the same. Two of us decided to visit Dauvin and see if he were ill. As for *L'Etoile*—well, we did not know where she lived nor even her name, and besides it was easy enough to get another model.

So we went to the gloomy by-street; we climbed the rickety stairs to the little studio at the top of the house, and knocked on the door. No answer. Turning the handle we entered—the room was empty—Dauvin was not there. Opposite us, on the easel, still stood his picture,

"The Omen." It had been finished some time since. The face was more beautiful, more eloquent than ever. We paused in front of it for a moment or two and then, as we turned to leave the room, we saw on a shelf by the door, among Dauvin's palettes and brushes, an open purse and a page of a newspaper with a small paragraph cut out. Inside the purse, fastened to the cover was a card bearing this name "Marie Isling," and below an address. We looked at each other and then at the purse. Whose was it, and how came it there? Another mystery. We resolved to call, at any rate, on the person whose name was written on the card, and return what evidently was hers. Perhaps she might tell us about our friend. Taking the purse with us, we descended the creaking stairs and made our way to the address given. It was a dingy, cheerless looking house. I pulled the bell. It was broken—the handle came out in my hand. There was no knocker, so I rapped with my knuckles. An old woman came to the door and, opening it a few inches, asked us gruffly what we wanted. We enquired if a Marie Isling lived there. "What do you want with her?" she snarled. We said we had important news for her. The old woman eyed us curiously a moment, and said she had not seen Marie Isling for two days. Her room was No. 25, third floor. We could go up if we wished—she did not care. Up we trudged. It was so dark in the passage on the third floor that we could not make out the numbers on the doors. We struck a match and looked around us. No. 25 was at the end of the passage. We knocked. Hearing, as we thought, a faint reply—it must have been our fancy however—we opened the door.

A low, tiny room with a small square window, whence we saw nothing but black chimneys and brick walls—a dreary outlook. A table, plain and bare, stood in the centre of this little den. On it lay a plait of dark brown hair, an envelope, and what looked like part of a false moustache, similar to the plait in color. Over the one chair the room possessed was flung a large brown shawl dashed

here and there with red. Some articles of clothing were lying about. All this we took in at a glance as we stood on the threshold. And then our eyes fell on the cot that occupied almost all one side of the room. A form was extended there, motionless, the face turned to the wall. One arm, white and rounded, with dimpled elbow, hung over the edge of the narrow bed, and in the half light that came in at the window we could distinguish beneath the thin sheet the outlines of a woman's figure. On the bare floor just under the hand, was a small vial, unstopped and empty, labeled with a scarlet label. Something about that arm made me approach and touch it. It was cold as marble. At the same time I leaned over and looked into the averted face, and started back in amazement. *It was Dauvin*—his countenance perfectly bloodless, his moustache gone, his eyes staring and glassy, his long, brown hair curling still around his neck! *Dauvin—dead!* And yet, that bare throat was no man's throat, or that arm, and that dimly defined form, the brown shawl, the plait of hair, and—ah! the envelope. I tore it open and hastily unfolded the sheet that it contained. A newspaper clipping fell out. I found afterward that it exactly fitted the gap in the page we had found in the studio. It was to this effect:

"Capt. J—, of steamer L—, reports that when six days out, he came across a piece of a wreck, and found the name 'Drura' on parts of the timber. This is, most probably, the vessel which left Havre more than a year ago, and which has never since been heard of. All hands, without doubt, were lost."

On the sheet of paper were only a few words. The last lines were:

"I waited for his return. He said he would come back. To earn a living I became a model. I had talent and I thought I would be an artist and a model at the same time. A dream made me paint 'The Omen.' Alas it was too true! The Drura was Pierre's ship, and she was wrecked. If he were alive, he would have come back already. I loved him—I loved him. I hate my life. I hate everything. Farewell. *Dauvin c'est moi, et moi—j'étais L'Etoile!*"

V. LANSING COLLINS.

JEAN.

SHE thinks I do not see the flush
That comes unbidden to her cheek,
The deeper lustre of her eyes—
Ah, Jean, your tell-tale blushes speak.

She thinks I do not see the gaze
That loves to dwell when thought unseen,
The sudden drooping of the lids
When eyes meet hers—I know you, Jean!

The dainty poise of that fair head
When speaks a someone I could name.
She does not guess—I make no sign,
But O, I read you just the same.

I see it all, and yet you ask
Why I should sad and silent be?
Alas, my friend, you do not know,—
She's smiling now, but not for me.

GEORGE R. WALLACE.

AN ODD FELLOW.

YES, he was an odd fellow. At least everybody said so, and what everybody says goes for the truth. In the first place, his name was enough to make him queer. His parents were simple, unlearned folk, marked by that old-fashioned piety which holds Bible names as a part of its creed. So they named their only son for Paul's co-worker, and they hoped that someday a line in the Book of Fame would receive the name of Apollos Eaton. There's nothing in a name, you say, but I am going to tell you the story of a name. On the face of it "Apollos" seems harmless enough, but drop the final letter and you have a name that has possibilities of endless torture for its owner. When young Eaton went to the Academy to take the first steps toward the goal of his parents' ambition—the ministry—

the older boys promptly nick-named "Apollo" the slender chap who answered so timidly to the reading of his odd name at roll-call. Other subjects might grow thread-bare, but the school-boys' callow wits never wearied of this one. Perhaps, on the principle of "humor by contrast," it owed its ever-new freshness to the difference between the beautiful Greek god and this poor Yankee mortal. "Apollo" Eaton was very long and very narrow, he had troublesomely large hands and feet, a face with ill-assorted features, and above all, hair of a queer, carrot red. Red hair alone will make a man one of the set apart. Now, that you know all this, I need not say again that Apollos Eaton was an odd fellow. But nobody called him a "crank"—at least in those early days the poor fellow, far from trying to appear eccentric, tried with all his might to be like other people. But it was no use. After awhile he stopped trying. Then he began to grow bitter. Sometimes he envied these good-looking, light-hearted well-to-do-boys who made sport of him, but always he hated them for their making sport. As the years went by he grew more bitter still, and he came to hate all men.

In the meantime he had gone to college. That was but an episode. He stayed two years, living much by himself. It was the old story of nicknames and jibes. He tried to speak in a literary society one night and broke down under the music of his hearers' laughter. Then he knew he would never be a preacher. And when in his lonely reading and thinking he went astray after false gods of philosophy and science, he gave it all up and went out into the world. His parents disowned him, but that did not surprise him. He found a place in a large wholesale house in Boston—a place that did not require good looks nor sleek talking, and he worked himself up to a position of responsibility and trust.

I said that he hated all men. But he did not hate women. He had an ideal of womanhood. He had gotten it from books; he had no way of knowing women other-

wise. At last—no matter how—he met a beautiful woman, refined as well as the next, and he fell in love with her. He fell in love with her! What right had a poor, ugly wretch like Apollos Eaton to fall in love with any one? Love is a gift of the gods to the most favored of mortals. But I must go on. This is not a love story. He told her his love haltingly, but manfully, and she—well!—she did not even reply; she only laughed. He went out into the darkness with one more hate in his heart.

He did not kill himself. He reasoned it all out in his slow way. Love was not for him, nor was friendship. Happiness was a dream. He had dreamed and was wakened by a laugh. There was only one thing left for him and that was far off—power, power to revenge, power to humiliate; yes, power to do good, for he had a vague memory of something in the Bible about “coals of fire!” Since he had not beauty, nor quick wits, nor ready tongue, there was but one avenue to power for him—the way of gold! He went to work to make a fortune. He worked hard; he had nothing else to do. But it was so slow, his savings were so meagre, and five per cent. was such small interest! Then he found a way of getting rich quickly. Some people called it gambling. He didn’t. He had learned painfully that the world’s motto is, “Every man for himself.” His eye grew brighter, his step firmer, for he was winning. Yes, he was getting rich at last. He had a “system” that never failed. One night there was a heavy stake. He was sure to win, and he had borrowed some money from his employers to add to his own store. Somehow his calculations went wrong. And then—I forgot to say that his borrowing was without asking—his employers discovered his fault and turned him adrift. He had been a faithful servant for so many years that they told him they hadn’t the heart to send him to jail. He was ungrateful and did not thank them. Perhaps he forgot it. He had only one thought then—to get away to some place where nobody knew him.

I had been one of "Apollo" Eaton's persecutors at the Academy, and had lost sight of him after he left college. I saw him, for the first time in years, at a Socialist meeting in New York. I had dropped in, partly from curiosity, partly from sympathy with the new theory. I soon tired of the unscientific rant of low-bred foreigners, and fell to watching my neighbors. I was particularly attracted by a man who set on my right—a man whose badly-tinted hair was less striking than his thin, white face all aglow with a strange mixture of fixed hatred and vivid enjoyment. He seemed to drink in the red-hot broken English poured forth by the rabid opponent of plutocracy and individual property. He did not move until the meeting closed, and then he rose quietly and went out without speaking to any one. Over and over again the thought came to me that I had seen that peculiar face before, and at last from a far corner of my memory came the name "Apollo," and then the wonder was how I had ever forgotten him. He had never been a factor at school or college; perhaps that was the reason. Now that I was older and I felt that I had treated this fellow meanly, I resolved to atone for my former heartlessness. The next week I went to dingy old Germania Hall again and found my red-haired neighbor in his place. He did not look at me. I spoke to him at the close of the meeting. He looked surprised, but recognized me and replied in a way that was less than civil. I persevered from evening to evening and before the winter was over, this lonely man and I were almost friends. It seemed to me that afterwards there was less hatred and less enjoyment in his face during an agitator's speech. There were fewer lines about his mouth, too. I did not understand it then. One night he was not in his place. I missed him and went out early. When I reached my lodgings, I found a note from Eaton, asking me to come to see him. I went at once and found him very ill. I saw that the warning of his narrow chest and half-concealed cough had been only too true. He was not deceived. He knew what was coming. He said that

he wanted to tell me the story of his life after leaving college, and he told me in his own way what I have told you. He added some pitiful details of the sufferings of his sensitive spirit, but they are not part of the story, nor are the things that he faltered about my kindness part of the story. I was not worthy of half of them. "The only friend I ever had," he called me, and when I rose to go, and promised to come back in the morning, he took my hand—we had never shaken hands before—and held it as if he was afraid to let go. At last he turned away and I could not see his face. He did not say a word; I could not. So I went away. During the night another friend came to him and took him away, and when I went back in the morning the room was very quiet. As I looked at the face of the dead—the face of a man whose loving nature had been dwarfed and his life embittered by the thoughtlessness of his fellows—I made a vow. It has been very hard to keep, but I am still trying.

JAMES COWDEN MEYERS.

SONG.

FAIR and tall—fair and tall,
With the first sweet joy of a love at her call,
With her hair all gold—
And her wealth untold,
She sits by the river broad and deep,
With a red rose in her hand—
—A red rose in her hand.

Pale and tall—pale and tall,
With a white, white mantle of snow for a pall,
With her hands grown cold,
And her hair in the mold,
Down by the river she lies asleep,
With a white rose in her hand—
—A white rose in her hand.

GEORGE P. WHEELER.

ETCHING—WHY S— WORE TALL COLLARS.

IN THE first place, S— got a peculiar liking for abnormally high collars. He took up this habit only a little while after he came to the house, and it seemed to me they grew taller and taller until they came away up under his ears. I declare, it used to make me nervous, sometimes, to see them, and they attracted attention everywhere, I am sure, from their very size. I never said anything to him about them, though some of the others used to guy him, for I didn't like to criticise the man, especially as he seemed so morbidly sensitive in regard to it. He got crabbed after a while, and no wonder, for everybody in the house got to making jokes on S—'s collars.

Soon after I noticed this curious habit, I was dressing one evening in my room, which was just across the hall, and happening to want a little bay rum, ran across and knocked at his door. There was no answer and I pushed it open. There he stood, in his shirt sleeves, before a small mirror he had hung from the gas-fixture, with his face turned to one side, intently examining his neck. He evidently had not heard my knock, for when I spoke to him, he showed, I thought, a foolish agitation. But it was gone in a minute, and when I asked for the bay rum, he handed it to me quite naturally. As I was leaving he called me back.

"Look here," he said, "do you see anything on my neck?"

I looked at it closely. "No," I said.

"Nothing like a red mark? Are you sure?"

"Where?" I asked.

He drew his hand sideways down the left side, but look as I might, I couldn't see even a scratch.

When he went away to Chicago, we shook hands with him, and Charlie made some facetious remark about his shaking that collar by the time we saw him again, but he didn't even smile.

It was, I think, about two weeks after, that Charlie and I came in toward morning and went up together. We had been doing night specials, and didn't get through much before we went to press; I know by this that it was about three o'clock when we finally turned up Clark street.

When we passed S—'s old room, Charlie hit it a rap with his cane, and it swung open. As he reached his door and turned back to say good-night, he suddenly caught my arm and pointed down the hall, and there, as sure as you live, collar and all, came S—.

The hall-gas was turned very low, and I didn't notice anything strange about the figure until it came abreast of us, and then I noticed a curious stare of the eyes and a twist of the mouth, as though he were in pain.

He didn't say a word, but passed through the door Charlie had kicked open, and stood before his glass. We saw this by the gaslight that came through the window.

And then he put up his hands and slowly and deliberately turned down his collar, and then I turned as weak as a cat.

And sure enough, we read about it in the morning's paper. Poor fellow! He had done it after all—with a razor.

UNMOORED.

QUIET it lay there on the moonlit sand,
The storm-brown boat of a lone fisher boy,
I watched him moor it fast with careless hand,
Touching its bow, as it could understand
All of his heart's desire, his sea-nursed joy.

He left me there watching the rising tide.
Musing what hopes this humble lad possessed,
What future waited him—what star his guide,
Till gathering waves my fleeting thoughts outvied,
And thrust my fancy from its eager quest.

I stood and gazed an instant on the wave,
 Painting my vision of a fate unknown.
 I lingered till the flying foam-flakes gave
 A quick, prophetic chill as when a grave
 Rises before one as he walks alone.

A plashing low and sudden caught my ear,
 And lo, the fisher-boat within my sight,
 As vanish hopes and fortunes fondly dear,
 Slipped slowly from its moorings at the pier,
 And vanished in the darkness and the night.

* * * * *

The tide had changed, my dream-skiff's all adrift,
 Engulfed in gloom that deepened from the shore,
 The unknown future, and its greatest gift
 Seemed cheerless now—the clouds had closed their rift,
 The sky was dark—the stars shone on no more.

JAMES HARRY DUNHAM.

FRAGMENT.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF SENANCOUR.]

THE evening shades are falling, and the hour of rest and solemn sadness is at hand. A twilight haze has settled upon the valley, and the black wings of night are slowly closing over it. Off towards the south, the lake is bathed in darkness, and the encircling cliffs form a dusky belt beneath the icy dome which lies about them and seems to retain in its frosty bosom the brightness of the day. The last beams of the setting sun gild with a golden glory the chestnuts crowded thick upon the barren rocks, and stream in far-extending rays beneath the lofty Alpine firs. The mountains are tinted with a gentle radiance, the snow glitters and the air seems on fire.

The quiet water, sparkling with light and blending with the sky, has become boundless as the heavens, and even more serene and fair and beautiful. Its stillness startles you, its clearness deceives you, and the celestial splendor

which it reflects seems to fathom its depths, while at the foot of the mountains, separated from the earth and, as it were, hanging in space, you see the void of the universe and the vastness of the world. It is a time of witchery and dumb forgetfulness. The sky and the mountains have disappeared, you stand upon you know not what, and all is a blank about you.

The horizon is gone, your thoughts are transformed, strange feelings overpower you, and everyday life is left behind. When darkness has covered this watery vale, when the eye can no longer see what lies before it, and when the evening wind has stirred the waves, then the rock-bound lake, except the western end which glimmers faintly through the gloom, is but an invisible gulf, and in the midst of the silent blackness you hear, a thousand feet below you, the tossing of the restless waves as they ebb and flow unceasingly; now rolling in upon the land at equal intervals, now swallowed up in the rocks, and now breaking upon the shore with a hollow moan which seems to echo and re-echo in the unseen abyss.

JOHN GLOVER WILSON.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The leaves are falling
One by one—
The Summer's dying,
It's labor done.
The winds are blowing
Fierce and cold,
The flowers are going
Beneath the mold.
The light grows shorter
Day by day,
And heralds winter
Chill and grey.

—Charles B. Newton.

THE SPARROWS.—It rains. The leaden skies have been weeping all day, and their tears are cold and frequent. Sometimes they come down copiously, and make little splashing pools in the road and on top of the porch roof. Out in it the sparrows are flitting about, trying to be happy. The effort may be successful, at least it is so with those who sit inside and hear their cheerful chirp. One sounds forth his spunky note, and then his mate responds in tones that would say, "stand it out, my dear; its as natural for the rain to come down as for sparks to fly upward." And so they urge one another. A whole chorus will set in occasionally and swell the air with criss-cross notes, and then they sit stiff on the limbs and wait for the next down-come of water, which evokes another chorus, and then off they start trying each to dodge the swift rain-drops. There is a wild vine that grows beside the piazza post, and when it gets near to the roof it twists and twines and withes and winds in and about the helices. Here they have built their

sheltered nests, but they shun them on stormy days, and come forth to wet their coats and dance waltzes with the rain drops. Soon the winter will come and the snows heap up and cover the ground where they seek their food. But they are happy now even though it is by effort; and their reward will be toughened limbs and sturdy bodies to stand bravely what they know is predicted in the cold blast and the frost etchings they find on the roof in the early morning. They might fly in under the eaves, but they have two reasons not to. One is they would compromise with the storm; and this they could not do for it is against their nature; and if you wonder why it is against their nature, go and ask any of the other birds that have dared to build their nests within a wide radius about, and you will know. They puff up their fluffy feathers and assume quite a belligerent front at all intruders. And now they will not give in even to the great storm. "We can sneer at the winds and sing songs to the pessimistic rain-drops, for we have taken possession of these whereabouts and none, no, not even the fierce tempest shall affright us away." The other reason why they will not fly in under the eaves is because they know that such is the resort of the muddy swallow, and they would not think even, to perch where a cowardly swallow had made it his home. They despise all other sorts of the feathery tribe; and, therefore, could not once think of alighting on the crooked cornice braces where the departed swallow used to sit. Then they are little athletes. The body and limbs grow toughened if exposed to the testing storm. So they perch themselves high up in among the wind-clothed branches, and bid defiance to the rain coming down. Hang tight, ye little feathered Stoics, and may the blasts deal lightly with you!

A WALTZ.

"Am Schönen Blauen Donau,"
The rich notes rise and fall,
To the sweep of feet, the music's beat,
Sounds the last waltz of the ball.

They are standing out there in the moonlight,
He is conquered, and held in thrall,
That he's under a spell, he knows full well,
As the rich notes rise and fall.

There's a face looks up at him coyly,
From a fluffy Indian shawl,
And a tapping slipper marks the time,
To the last waltz of the ball.

She knows that he fears and trembles,
I am sure that she knows it all—
When he tells her how much she is to him,
As the rich notes rise and fall.

There's a sound of a sigh in the moonlight,
Two shadows blend on the wall,
There's a gentle pressure upon his arm,
Through the last waltz of the ball.

—James Barnes.

A UNIQUE VILLAGE.

"One of Indian summer's most perfect days
Is dreamily dying in golden haze."

The poet was thinking of Concord when he wrote these lines; the spirit of the dying summer is so strong there that to resist its persuasive influence were well-nigh impossible, so the place usually weaves its mystic web around very willing captives.

The lazy buzz of the flies, the quiet streets, with their solemn green canopies overhead, sending down such a cool,

delightful shade upon the few passers-by; the slow gliding Concord, in whose waters the willows wash their long green tresses, meandering contentedly through the flowered meadows and woodlands, the sighs which now and then escape from the swaying hemlocks as if in remembrance of the striving revolutionary times, when the brave minute men gave their blood to fill the country's veins, or as if in regret over the departed great and "the good old days of long ago,"—all these exert a peculiar power. Thus speaks one on whose memory the village had indelibly impressed itself: "Concord is like no other town; it seems utterly undisturbed by the turmoil and agitation of life, utterly free from worldly ambition or petty rivalries of any sort. The hospitality of its people is boundless, and so is their refined kindness; and the beautiful village seems the one spot where there is abiding 'peace on earth and good will toward men.'" The picture is not overdrawn; quiet, but not stupid and languorous, like the town of Rip Van Winkle. On the contrary, its tranquil individuality seems to have moulded to a considerable degree the nature and temperament of her brightest thinkers. See Thoreau preaching solitude as better than friendly intercourse and isolating himself at Walden. Hear Hawthorne say in placid tones, "To me there is a peculiar quiet charm in these broad meadows and gentle eminences. They are better than mountains * * * *. A few summer weeks among mountains, a lifetime among green meadows, * * * such would be my sober choice." And then Emerson singing the quiet beauty of Concord and proclaiming that Home was the proper sphere for man.

To see Concord, one should be snugly ensconced in a phaeton and in company with a rural *cicerone*. One of the objects of "intrist," you are told, is the "Old Church," in which the first Provincial Congress was held in 1774. Here also assembled those sturdy revolutionary patriots, Hancock and Adams, who, by their burning eloquence, did much to hasten the struggle for liberty. You next pass the Wright

tavern, in which Major Pitcairn made his celebrated remark, while stirring the brandy with his bloody finger : "I'll stir the rebels' blood before night!" Then, after circling around the common, with its stolid obelisk, the road lies through an avenue of noble ash trees. On emerging from this leafy tunnel you pass between two granite posts and behold the most ideal of country homes, "The Old Manse." A spell of witchery, of by-gone days, seems to hang around this dear old home, with its wealth of vines clinging tenderly around it; the wood-shed, the old clock, the long table, oft groaning under the ample wealth of the rural larder, the huge andirons; all are here as in the days of its former occupants, Siple, Emerson or Thoreau. One curious room is that called the "Saint's Chamber," with its high-backed chairs, recalling the strict uprightness of our forefathers, and its walls rich with the maxims and advice of the holy men who have reposed there. The most interesting, perhaps, is the one in which R. W. Emerson wrote many of his poems and essays, among the latter the delightful one on "Nature." The genial influence of this inspiring room often filled the wings of Hawthorne's fancy, and he gives us some tender recollections of his stay there in "Muses from an Old Manse." A rod or so further on and a turn in the road brings you to another avenue of trees, consisting of well-proportioned maples, all planted in one day by the villagers, in commemoration of the battle of Concord. At its extremity looms up a lonely monument upon a grassy mound. Here is the precise spot where the first British soldier fell in that little battle, fraught, however, with such important consequences. Across the "Old North Bridge, where

"— once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot, heard round the world,"

is the space where "Old Concord's heroes met to face a foreign foe," and here is the consecrated portion, where fell the first American, a sturdy farmer.

"He loved the quiet village life, but he loved his country more;
For he heard the earliest call for help, and answering to the cry,
Showed how a soldier ought to fight, and a Christian ought to die."

And there, to commemorate his fall, stands French's statue of the minute man, whose finely-cut features and determined pose make us admire the Yankee manhood of '76. On the base is inscribed one of Emerson's hymns. Thus it has a triple value. "Few towns can furnish a poet, a sculptor and an occasion."—*Ralph Duffield Small.*

A BROKEN RHYME.

She put her little hand in mine,
And pressed it with a soft "Farewell;"
Her eyes looked kind, her smile half sad,
Did she feel more than she would tell?

I settle down in cushioned ease,
The Pullman speeds into the night;
What does she think of, sitting now
Alone before her hearth's dim light?

Has she like me a vague desire,
An inarticulate regret,
The sorrow of a broken dream,
A joy unknown before we met?

Ah, lake and wood and summer's moon,
Your magic oft hath breathed a spell,
As fleeting as a happy song
Will this bright vision fade as well?

—*George R. Wallace.*

ON THE SHELVES.—There is no more pleasant place to spend an afternoon than in the Library.

Who does not remember the pleasant hours spent in the alcoves?

What a vast store-house of knowledge it is.

The fiction lover can choose from a legion of volumes.

The historian finds no impediment to his thirst for knowledge in the books of his favored alcoves.

Even the "math fiend" can revel in the dusty volumes of exploded theories of the past as well as in the latest thoughts of the men of science of to-day.

In the library each one follows his own bubble. Here is one working for the next debate in Hall; already he can hear the applause which will greet him.

There is another, resting both elbows on the table with a book open before him, hard at work. He is getting notes for his essay.

Over there, near the door, is a Freshman a little awed and somewhat startled by the scene around him.

Ah, the best and brightest of your "college days" will be over when this much-despised "greenness" wears off.

This college world will never seem as bright as it once appeared.

What a story of influence and power some of those volumes could tell!

Those books with the name "Voltaire" on the back, in that alcove, caused that great earthquake—"the French Revolution."

Here are those few lines which the poet Gray spent seven years in composing, gaining at the same time immortality.

In the alcove above is that article in the *Edinburgh Review* which closed the lips of the sweetest singer of "Old England, who sleeps to-night far from home beneath Italy's sunny skies.

Near by lies an almost forgotten pamphlet, written by one Napoleon Bonaparte, then a sub-lieutenant, who walked twenty miles each day to correct the proofs.

What keener enjoyment can there be than to roam or wander among the alcoves with no fixed purpose in view, stopping here and there to take a book and glance at the pages as fancy leads us?

We discover some books with worn backs and soiled pages, bearing testimony of the usage of students who have "gone before," and for this they appear more interesting and precious in our eyes.

You find them to be noble books, written by men who were "Lords of the public domain of thought."

How many students have read and handled Arnold's "Essays on Criticism," Mathew's "Hours with Men and Books" or Blackmoore's "Laura Doone" before we have made out our "slip" for them?

Whatever our enjoyment in the past, we have hope of greater joys yet to come.

May our hope not be in vain!—*Charles I. Truby.*

EDITORIAL.

WE ARE indebted to Profs. Westcott and Harper for acting as judges in the Translation Prize contest. The prize has been awarded to Mr. Bowdre Phinizy, '92, of Georgia.

THE LIT. congratulates itself and its contributors on the excellent work done in the contest for the Translation Prize. The offering of this prize was a new step, and was therefore something of an experiment. It has proved an unqualified success. There was a good number of competitors, and the judges have expressed themselves as greatly pleased with the high standard of the work done by all the contestants.

By the conditions of the contest, we were compelled to exclude from the competition an excellent poetical translation from Ovid. It deserves very high commendation. The Translation Prize will, no doubt, become a permanent feature of the LIT. prize system.

THE contest for the Story Prize will close November 18th, the award being made in the December issue, as before announced. The maximum length will be four thousand words.

THE "LIT." MEDAL.

THE LIT. Board has decided to make a slight alteration in the list of prizes as announced for this year. The Sketch Prize, to be awarded in February, will be abandoned.

In its place a LIT. medal will be offered to the participants in the morning exercises of Washington's birthday. We have long felt that there should be some direct stimulus to the orators on that occasion, other than the mere honor which attaches to it. We are assured that not only better work will be done in the preparation of the speeches, but a higher tone generally will be given to the gathering. Washington's birthday celebration has come to be our mid-year event. Immediately after the close of the foot-ball season men begin to look forward to it as the next college attraction. With this central position, it is worthy of our best endeavors to make it a thorough success.

The LIT. medal will, in a general way, be similar to the Junior Orator medals, and will be awarded to that speaker who shall be adjudged to have delivered the best oration. The rules governing the speaking and the award of the medal will be substantially those which are used in the Junior Orator exhibition, with the single exception that the speakers are chosen as at present, one from each class. We believe it to be eminently proper that the NASSAU LITERARY MAGAZINE, the literary representative of the college, should introduce this innovation. The judges will be appointed by the Board. The LIT. reserves the right to publish the successful oration or not, at its discretion. We hope that the results on next Washington's birthday will fully justify future Boards in maintaining the LIT. medal as a permanent college honor.

THE "TIGER."

THE LIT. takes the *Tiger's* right forepaw in both hands and gives it a hearty shake. We are glad to see him. He is a well-conditioned, good-natured animal, with the frank, merry twinkle in his eye that belongs to Old Nassau. When he first emerged from his Rip-Van-Winkle slumbers

he blinked a little, but two weeks of life on the campus and along the ropes at the 'Varsity ground have restored him to his native sleekness and jovial vigor. We understand his appetite is good, and we urge undergraduates and alumni to feed him liberally with subscriptions. He is also very fond of contributions. To the gentlemen who have him in charge we extend our best wishes and hearty congratulations.

A NEW CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.

IT IS a matter of general regret in the Faculty, we believe, as well as among the undergraduates, that the Conference Committee proved of no practical service. And yet we do not think this failure should discourage a further effort to find some means of taking advantage of the best undergraduate sentiment in attaining the ends of college government. If a workable plan could be devised, there is no question that the advantage would be felt in a higher undergraduate tone and a better conception of the relation of Faculty to students. It would finally do away with the old idea of a game between the authorities and students, and put Princeton at the head of American institutions in developing a thoughtful university spirit. The Conference Committee was the first step in the right direction. It was an experiment. It did not meet the conditions and died a natural death. And yet the experiment has not been without its value; we have learned at least, what the conditions of the problem are. The Conference Committee failed because it had no definite function. It could not speak in positive terms to the students, and could not assume on its own motion to represent the undergraduates before the Faculty. In many of the minor matters of public comfort where it might have been useful, it could do nothing because it had no right to petition the Curator of Grounds and

Buildings. If a student committee is to be useful it must meet the following requirements :

(a.) It must have some definite functions. (b.) It should have some representative right to speak for its constituency. (c.) It should have some sanction. It is much easier to state the problem than to solve it, and yet we cannot help believing that a solution is possible.

Some of the occurrences of this term show where such a committee would be serviceable. A few men, against the sense of the whole college have brought some discredit upon it, and yet because no one wished to take it upon himself to interfere, nothing was done to make the undergraduate sentiment felt. A healthy feeling against "cribbing" is being developed, but here again there are no means of giving the college sense expression. In the University of Virginia, anyone caught cribbing is tried by a court of students, and, if found guilty, is compelled to leave college. This shows what can be done. The difficulty is, however, that the Faculty, and very justly too, does not wish to surrender any of its jurisdiction; and even if it were inclined to give a subordinate power to a student body, there would be difficulty in determining its limits and finding a suitable sanction.

Still the manifest advantages make it worth the effort. If a Committee of Seniors and Juniors elected by those classes respectively, and vested with a subordinate power, should be formed, it might act without in anywise affecting the action of the Faculty. It could take cognizance only of cases which the Faculty could not reach, and instead of conflicting would be purely supplementary. Every student knows of occurrences which, from their very nature, the Faculty can never learn of, and yet which the public opinion of the college condemns. If a student body should take cognizance of such cases, it is hard to see where the jurisdiction of the Faculty would be in any way infringed, and yet a valuable service would be rendered to the college. The question of sanction comes up. Probably a mere sum-

mons by the student board and expression of disapproval would, in most instances, be found sufficient. A little experience would suggest what might be required in addition. We hope at their next meeting the Board of Trustees will not let this matter pass without consideration.

THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT.

WE have viewed with great pleasure and anticipation the marked change and development in the English branches of our curriculum. Not very many years ago it was the custom to make the study of English rather incidental and subordinate than really essential. Emphasis was rigidly placed upon the classics and mathematics as the educating, culturing factors of a college course. Necessarily then, with barely two hours a week for pursuing his English study, the average student could not become conversant with the many varied sides of our language and literature or acquaint himself with their historical antecedents and contemporaneous relations. Of course, it would be unjust as well as indicative of a limited familiarity with our collegiate history to say that the former exclusive position of the classics and mathematics was not amply justified by many years' experience. We do not wish to enter upon this much-discussed subject, but by a little observation one must acknowledge the rapid growth of the sentiment that made the study of English co-equal and co-existent with other studies. And with the growth of this sentiment has come the ready expansion of the field which the term English covers.

If Princeton be our illustration of this development, we may discern three distinct phases. In the first place, the province of study in English Literature has been continually widening. Students have come to see the imperative need meeting them of gaining a thorough acquaintance with

their own literature by systematic study. The regular curriculum courses have proved stimulative to further individual investigation, which, in its turn, has led oftentimes to the elucidation of hidden meanings or the discovery of new literary possibilities. Another change has become manifest in the study of English language. The structure of the language, its philological bearings, the laws of discourse, the methods and rules of composition are important elements of instruction. They have lost their old time savor of drudgery in the renewed interest and attractiveness with which they are treated. One special feature of this expansion we must note—the impulse given to the study of Anglo-Saxon, and of its influence upon modern English thought and writing. The third department in which a distinct transformation has taken place is that of English composition and oratory. Not radical at all, perhaps unnoticeable, have been the changes along this line, introduced always with the idea of making individual composition an essential, inseparable part of the curriculum. The labors required by these exercises seem arduous sometimes in conjunction with the numerous other duties of recitation and lecture; still they have proven themselves a positive advantage.

That these departments give promise of increased excellence in their results is well attested by the number of prize contests established within their province. This last year has seen the institution of three new prizes in English, one for Sophomore year work, two in Junior year for English literature and Anglo-Saxon respectively. These with the Biddle Essay and Maclean prizes and the Senior prize in English literature, constitute a group of no mean proportion. The stimulus that they must necessarily give to better class-room work makes competition all the more effective.

Of course, there is abundant room for expansion yet in the English branches. The subject of *Æsthetic Criticism* that has received notice in the catalogue for years, has never been sufficiently developed. We are credibly informed that the professor in oratory has under considera-

tion a special course on this topic which will soon definitely materialize. Should realizations meet our expectations, we shall have presented to us a new line of study, inferior in no way to kindred subjects, and possessing a charm not of novelty merely, but of genuine interest. If our minds shall be unburdened of the prevalent notion that *Æsthetic Criticism* is the personification of vagueness, this will be an adequate justification of such a course.

But this is only one form of expansion. We have in mind another in the department of English literature that would be very acceptable to many students—the establishment of a Sophomore elective or required exercise in literature. At present American authors are reserved till the last term of Senior year for study, and then are hurried over in connection with English writers of the Victorian period. They consequently are studied more for their relation to their transatlantic contemporaries than for inherent worth. If this fascinating and instructive course could be placed by itself as a single Sophomore elective, it would form a logical opening for the subsequent branches. These are suggestions merely. We doubt not that in the process of time, as change follows change, as better lines of work supplant or supplement those that have accomplished their ends, as the field of study widens and impulses for deeper investigation grow stronger, the English department of Princeton will utilize its developing functions in the same progressive spirit that has ever characterized its growth.

GOSSIP.

"The mud is deep and clinging,
I am in a towering rage,
I've walked thro' the rain to the 'Varsity grounds,
And they're practicing in the cage."

—94.

I HAVE searched for the quotation book, but I suspect somebody is afraid that I may misuse it, and has consequently hidden it. I am not to be done out of my quotation in that style, however, and so quote from a rejected poem that I found in the table drawer.

That daily walk to the 'Varsity grounds—"I wish that I had a dollar for every time, &c." We all know the way, every foot of it; that corner redolent of onions, soiled boiled clothes and dish water; that tied-up cur of a dog, that looks up at you from the yawning mouth of a reclining barrel. As for that waddling, quacking, sagged-down-at-the-end duck, I am an old friend of his, though he might claim only a passing acquaintance, being rather exclusive, as it were. Then there's a baby that has outgrown his perambulator since I first knew him, and always looks as if he had been tasting the turnips in the garden behind the house, without washing the dirt off them, and an aged rocking-horse on the front piazza—but he's got "sand," has that horse, and prances away on four game legs just as "cocky" as when he first had his spots painted on him and owned a tail.

Yes, yes, we know the old road well, and we are ashamed of it and always apologize for it to our friends, and say that we'd like to see it improved, and mention a keg of gun-powder and some inflammable material as first-rate improvers for portions of it.

We have stumbled in the same place twenty times on the uneven pavement, and know just how to avoid that slippery place near the leaky old hydrant. N. B.—Take the middle of the street.

We have gone down that road elated and come back cast down; we have gone down that same road cast down and come back stuck up. We have groaned "Why won't he come out and play?" and wonder if so-and-so has any "insides." I don't know why he should not, he has a good appetite. We have built imaginary foot-ball teams that were "out of sight," and said "did you ever see such—adjective—playing?" And, the strangest thing of all, we never mention the kindness, perseverance, patience and pluck of our muddy, much-abused scrub, except to say "Even that miserable scrub can score," &c. And the poor bruised "scrubie" walks up to town while the 'Varsity rides up in a palace car, thinking that some day he might, possibly might, make a tear, and get a box in the other room. Thank heaven he is well-fed nowadays, though

he gorges himself trying to gain a few pounds. I say all honor to the scrub, "Are you ready? Hip, hip—."

I was in a room to day when an old alumnus came up to see it; he did not want to buy it for his son, his son was graduated and had a son of his own, but he just wanted to see it, it had been his once, you know, and he thought he'd just like to look at it again.

When he found some initials in red ink on the closet wall he was pleased as a boy, and then he found a date—good gracious, it was long ago, before you were born—and then he found some more initials, and he looked quite sad; and I asked if he had the room alone, and he said that the owner of those initials had had it with him. Then he said something about the war, and Shiloh, and remarked that time had flown, or something to that effect. Then he went out.

I can imagine what had been going through the old gentleman's mind. From the present he had stepped once more over the bridge of memory deep into the past, had forgotten that the top of his head was shiny, and that climbing the old stone steps took all the breath he possessed. He could feel the old associations awakening recollections that had lain dormant for years and years. "Barrings out," that almost forgotten escapade of the students in the old days, when, with the entrances to the second floor of Old North blockaded, they defied the power of "Johnny" and the faculty, until they were starved into submission, or effected a compromise that saved the disgrace of capitulation. He remembered how he had worn blisters on his hands pulling on the old bell-rope—the bell rang continuously for twenty-six hours on one of these occasions. And then he thought of all the friends of those wild young days—where were they now? First, his room-mate—but he died in battle, killed at the head of his regiment; then of others, where were they? One was a judge of the supreme court, another a great physician, one a professor, another a wealthy monopolist, one an aged and greatly-loved pastor, another a writer on agnosticism, one a poet, one an inventor, one was a missionary in Syria, one was in an insane asylum, one was drowned at sea, and one had killed himself with hard drink, long ago. The rest gone, faded away, somewhere like a fleet of scattered vessels; some had struggled along against the tides and then had given up and sunk out of sight; some lay at anchor in snug harbors waiting for the final dismantling; they have become fewer and fewer, and soon—then he thought of some one who had his name, the same initials as were there upon the wall, and he sighed. Ah! he would have been in college now. But there was still one to come, and he thought how queer it would be if his grandson should have the same old room. I hope that we will all come back many times before our heads are shiny and our bellows out of order, and visit our old rooms; our initials may be papered over, but we might find that depression beneath the paper where that pistol ball left its mark, and remember when it was fired, and how scared we were, for of course we "did not know it was loaded," and we will remember how dear old

Tom used to put his long legs up on the mantle-piece, and wonder if little Tom will ever make a foot-ball player like his daddy.

There is one room in college that has never been papered, and if any one does paper it he will be very foolish. It is a bed-room, and on the plain white walls are a number of charcoal sketches, varying in merit; one or two, the handiwork of a famous half-back, who knew more about tackling than he did of perspective. One or two more or less ambitious productions of Bric-à-Brac "artists," and two that deserve care and preservation.

One day a painter, whose name is well-known throughout the whole country, happened on this same room with its crude mural decorations; he was interested, in a moment his coat was off, and with a rag in one hand and a stump of charcoal in the other, he was hard at work. A few quick dashes, a firm, clean stroke with the finger, more dashes of the stump, a gentle shading with the bit of rag, and it began to appear—like a negative in a bath of hydro-conine—a lake with great rank weeds growing out of the shallow water near the edge, a low-lying neck of land covered with great dense trees a short ways over yonder, then way across, a line of low-lying hills. Great masses of piled-up clouds overhead—done with the broadside of the stump and the thumb and forefinger—and then we had it. A little persuasion, and we had a snow scene in the woods; snow soft and massy, tall birch trees lifting out of it, a vista of naked boughs against the sky, a rabbit track, and a few lifeless leaves—all unframed and hung for good upon that bed-room wall. I hope to see that room as it is whenever I return.

Then we know the room with the stuffed owl that stares at you, with an evening tie around his throat and a pair of glasses on—he looks like some one we know. The room with the stolen signs: "No fishin' here," "Keep off the grass," "This is my busy day,"—I know the owner of this room and doubt the latter admonition—"Help wanted," "Boarding," and lots more; but a truce to this.

"Hello, you ink-spillin' editor, aint you coming up?" I forgot I promised to go to a friend's room and translate some Sanskrit, and, perhaps, smoke a pipe and eat some of his mother's chocolate cake. He's halloing outside, and I must close.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

- " They dwell in the odor of camphor,
They stand in a Sberaton shrine,
They are warranted 'early editions,'
These worshipful tomes of mine.
- " In their creamy 'Oxford vellum,'
In their redolent 'crushed Levant,'
With their delicate watered linings,
They are jewels of price, I grant.
- " Blind tooled and morocco joisted,
They have Zaehnsdorf's daintiest dress,
They are graceful, attenuate, polished,
But they gather the dust no less.
- " For the row that I prize is yonder,
Away on the unglazed shelves,
The bulged and bruised *octavos*,
The dear and dumpy twelves—
- " Montaigne, with his sheepskin blistered,
And Howell, the worse for wear,
And the worm drilled Jesuit's Horace,
And the little old cropped Moliere.
- " And the Burton I bought for a florin,
And the Rabelais foxed and flea'd,—
For the rest I never have opened,
But those are the books I read."

EVERYBODY seems to write of his love for *old* books—either those well-thumbed books that have been his daily companions or the rare volumes that mark him a book-miser. So much has been written, in rhyme and in prose, about old books that one scarcely dares whisper—even over the safe *incognito* of the Table—that he is a heretic and is distinctly a lover of *new* books. By new books I do not mean simply first editions, though there is a fascination to me in reading a book that has not been weighed and labeled before, but I mean especially my favorite authors—not all of them classics either—in the fresh, clean clothes of a new edition. To cut the leaves of a book and feel that no one has read those pages before is a real pleasure. A book, if grown old in your hands, is too apt to be soiled and dog-eared, and, if it is a bibliophile's treasure, is sure to be clumsy and yellow and musty.

Books are made to be read, and, in my case at least, new books are read the most easily and with the greatest satisfaction.

When I reached this point in my writing I felt that, though a heretic, I had no right to be an original heretic, so I went to the library in search of authorities. Look as I would I could find no one who preferred the

new book to the old. There was much about the value of books and reading in general. I opened first the "Philobiblon of Richard de Bury." How eloquent the quaint old bishop grows in the chapter on "The Advantages of the Love of Books!" He says, "It transcends the power of human intellect, however deeply it may have drunk of the Pegasean fount, to develop fully the title of this chapter." He comes very near the truth when he declares that "All who are smitten with the love of books think cheaply of the world and wealth." After awhile I tired of good advice and then I wandered among the bibliophiles—"The Book Hunter," "Pleasures of a Book Hunter," "Books and Book-men," and greatest of all, Dibdin's "Bibliomania." Before I left the alcove the enthusiasm of the authors had so wrought upon me that I, the heretic, was almost ready to join the search for books on vellum, presentation copies, Elzevirs, and the like. How valiantly these book-lovers defend their hobby! The calmest of them argue that every man must have some craze, and that bibliomania is, in every way, the least harmful. One quotes Ruskin: "If a man spends lavishly on his library you call him mad—a bibliomaniac. But you never call one a horse-maniac though men ruin themselves every day by their horses, and you do not hear of men ruining themselves by their books." They tell such queer stories of the mania. One old fellow, "a well-disposed, harmless creature," is said to have prayed as follows before going to bed: "Bless my books; all my Bible books, all my *hocus pocus*, and all my *leger-de-main* books, and all my other books, whether particularly mentioned at this time or not." We find in the dialogues of Dibdin's "Bibliomania" this suggestive passage: "'I will frankly confess,' rejoined Lysander, 'that I am an arrant bibliomaniac; that I love books dearly; that the very sight, touch and mere perusal—' 'Hold, my friend!' again exclaimed Philemon, 'you have renounced your profession; you talk of reading books, do bibliomaniacs ever read books?'" But through all the gentle insanity of these writings shines the flame of a real love for knowledge, and one comes from the reading of them so enamored of books that he is almost ready to say with Andrew Lang, in his Envoy to the "Ballade of the Unattainable":

"Prince, bear a hopeless Bard's appeal;
Reverse the rules of Mine and Thine;
Make it legitimate to steal
The Books that never can be mine!"

The frontispiece of the November *Scribner's* is a naval scene, "Signalling to Moorings," drawn by R. F. Zogbaum. It accompanies the artist-author's concluding article on the recent cruise of "Our New Navy." In these days of interest in Africa we are reading so many "travels" that, perhaps, we are a trifle wearied, and we turn with pleasure to something of a different character, but in the same line, such as "The Tale of a Tusk of Ivory," by Herbert Ward. It is excellently

illustrated by Frederic Villiers. There are two sonnets upon "The Death Day of Cardinal Newman," of which Inigo Deane's is the better. "Dr. Materialismus" is a story, rather original and decidedly weird. Read it and answer the naturally suggested question, "Was the doctor a hypnotist?" The excellent serial, "Jerry," is continued. We have Jerry's impressions in his first visit to a great city. In Chapter XVI there is an excellent characterization of the Nineteenth Century, "this practical, money-getting, soul-crushing age." In "The Training of the Nurse," by Mrs. F. R. Jones, we have an able explanation of this lucrative and eminently fitting occupation for women who wish to be self-supporting.

People who, children-like, must have a magazine with pictures, and therefore do not read the *Atlantic*, miss a great deal. Its papers are always upon pertinent subjects, and those subjects are always ably treated. Its verse in general is good, and its fiction, though too much inclined to mental dissection, is of a high grade. The November number is not an exception to the rule. Mr. Stockton begins a serial, "The House of Martha," and these early chapters give promise of another expression of his clean, dry humor. One of his unique creations is the "Malarial Adjunct," the husband of a bright and bustling amanuensis. W. D. McCracken analyzes fully and entertainingly "The Tell Myth." Frank Gaylord Cook, in his paper, "Robert Morris," pays a just tribute to one of the most unselfish of Washington's associates and co-workers. Francis C. Lowell and Robert H. Fuller tell of some forgotten highwaymen, the one having as his subject "A Successful Highwayman in the Middle Ages," the other "An American Highwayman." Dr. Holmes says good-bye in his last paper, "Over the Tea-Cups." He acknowledges his debt to a stylographic pen that has permitted his thoughts to flow freely. In the last few pages the well-beloved doctor shows us himself and talks a little about his writings and then about the autograph-hunting bore. Of the remaining articles, "The Fate of a Japanese Reformer" is particularly interesting.

Dear to the heart of the average college man is *Outing*, and the November number of this magazine, in its rich treatment of the sports of autumn, will disappoint no expectant reader. The fellows who like to handle a gun or a rod will enjoy reading "Sniping on the South Side of Long Island," "Turtling in Florida," "My First Norwegian Salmon," and "The Champion of the Salmon Season." The camera fiend will first read "Photographing Interiors," by C. Headley, Jr., who gives some valuable hints. Yale's foot-ball saint—that redoubtable coach, Walter Camp—contributes an illustrated article on "Foot-ball Studies for Captain and Coach." "Athletics at Williams College" deals with a sister institution, with which, we are sorry to say, we rarely come in contact on the athletic field. Prof. Hitchcock concludes his discussion of "Wrestling." "The Royal Canadian Yacht Club of Toronto" is a finely illustrated paper. Of the fiction, Capt. Charles King's "Rancho del Muerto" will

find more general favor than "The Hidden Law; a Cyclist's Story," by Henry Francis.

One more periodical, the *Cosmopolitan* for November, discusses the "College Education in Relation to Business." The writer is that eminent showman, P. T. Barnum. It is the old argument—the four years spent in college are the years in which a boy would be getting his start in life if his studies had ended with the school. In these days of the university education, when the curriculum is no longer confined to Latin, Greek and mathematics, the avowed object of the college is the training of the student in methods of thinking. The man who has learned to think may find it slow work in his first year or two, but when he gets his start he rises faster than his competitor who had the four years' handicap. College men do succeed in business—from the railroad office to the ranch. That there are some failures goes without saying. It is probable, too, that the college man is less likely to allow all his energies to be absorbed in money-getting. The *Cosmopolitan* has won a name for its fiction, and "A Norse Atlantis," by H. H. Boyesen, and "The Pursuit of the Martyns," by R. M. Johnston, maintain its standard. The latter writer has made a departure from his wonted line. The verse of the number is unusually good. "Reiteration," by Charles W. Coleman, is charming. "The American Amateur Stage" is an interesting topic well handled, by C. C. Waddle. The Harvard Hasty Pudding Club and the Columbia College Dramatic Club are discussed at some length.

In the November *Forum* Francis A. Walker puts on his armor again and once more does battle for the existing social conditions. The object of his attack is Dr. Lyman Abbott's recent article on "Industrial Democracy." He particularly criticises Dr. Abbott's phrase "Wealth of the people, for the people, by the people." In conclusion he says, "Like Dr. Abbott I entertain highly optimistic views regarding the future of society, but I look forward rather to an industrial republic than to an industrial democracy." Gen. Walker is an eminent economist, but he is kept busy just now combating the government-interference ideas of the new school of Political Economy. Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol gives a very fair criticism of "Tolstoi and 'The Kreutzer Sonata.'" He does not find it indecent, he recognizes Tolstoi's mission, but thinks the book too full of horror—lacking in proportion of parts. He comes dangerously near a pun when he says by way of epigram, "The Kreutzer Sonata is the most bruited, if not the most brutal publication of the day." In discussing "Formative Influences," Edward Eggleston makes this startling statement, "Schools and colleges—I do not say universities—are primarily for those that cannot or will not study without them." Dr. Eggleston, on account of ill health, did not receive a college training. In "Embattled Farmers," Dr. Washington Gladden treats of the Farmers' Alliance, its demands and prospects.

"A Laggard in Love," by Jeanie Gwynne Bettany, is the novel in the November *Lippincott's*. Its central idea—the mistaken attachment of a

young man for a girl "out of his set," her heart-break and his atonement—is not a new one, but the setting of the scene is out of the common, and there are interesting situations and characters. "John Ford" is perhaps the best creation. Junius Henri Browne studies Balzac's women in "Heroines in Human Comedy." Readers of Balzac know that his women are not very lovable. "A Philosopher in the Purple," is Lord Chesterfield. "Bond's" is a short sketch—unique and readable. This number is marked by excellent verse: "Where Lies the Land?—Rondeau," by Charles D. Bell; "My Lady Waits," a beautiful poem by C. W. Coleman; a translation of "The Famous Sonnet of Arvas," and "Whom Others Envy," by Rose Hartwick Thorpe. "Journalism vs. Literature" shows how absurd it is for anyone, especially a college graduate, to expect to reach literature through journalism. The writer is wrong in his assumption. We believe that few, if any, college men enter journalism with the idea of finding in it literary training or opportunities. They become reporters in order to make a living. They may hope to achieve something in literature by outside work, but that does not enter into the problem.

The Magazine of Art for November is one of the best issues of this popular magazine that has come to our table. The frontispiece is a photograph of "The Shipwrecked Sailors." This is from the original of the famous Dutch painter Josef Israels. The accompanying biographical and critical paper, by D. C. Thomson, is illustrated by specimens of Israel's work, and by an interesting portrait of the painter and his son sitting on the side of a sail boat. A poem, "Love's Rubicon," written by Kate Carter, and illustrated by the late Alice Havers, follows. The editor of the magazine contributes a paper entitled "Should there be a British Artists' Room at the National Portrait Gallery?" in which appear communications from the trustees, among whom are Mr. Gladstone, the Earl of Derby and Lord Ronald Gower. Claude Phillip contributes a paper on French sculpture, excellently illustrated by engravings of modern examples. George Moore, whom current gossip accuses of wishing to be called the Degas of modern literature, writes of "Degas: the Painter of Modern Life," an "impressionist" of note, whose pictures are well known in this country. The customary notes show the renewed activity of the painters as winter approaches.

The Century will contain throughout the coming year extracts from advance sheets of the "Talleyrand Memoirs." The first article will be accompanied by an introduction written by the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, Minister of the United States to France. These memoirs will be interesting, not only for the light they will throw upon a most important period of history, but also for the personal experiences and thoughts of that most astute diplomat—Prince Talleyrand.

Though *Harper's Magazine* is not one of our exchanges, we cannot refrain from noticing Prof. William M. Sloane's paper on "Princeton University," in the November number. Professor Sloane has not con-

fined himself to a mere statement of the history and present status of Princeton, nor to a logical argument for Princeton's curriculum theory, but he has also breathed into his writing much of the Princeton spirit—that enthusiastic love for Alma Mater which knows not how to keep silence.

The Literary Digest is a new-comer to our table. It is an eclectic weekly which culls the best of current literature and arranges it in handy and readable form.

One who does not know would think that during the long vacation the competitors for positions on the various college magazines would do their very best work, and would fill the first number of the year with clever and well-written contributions. We who know would curse our contributors for hopeless stupidity if our too faithful memories did not tell us that we were just as tormenting to our predecessors a year ago. It is a rule that the first number is either written entire by the editors or pieced out with slipshod contributions. There is not an exception to this rule among all our October exchanges.

The opening article of the *Williams Lit.* is "College Colloquialisms." The writer weaves in the slang of Williams in an ingenious manner. We had always thought that the Princeton vernacular was peculiarly rich, but we are fain to confess that in comparison with that of Williams it is a pauper. "John Bull's First Smoke" is the best thing in the number, and begins in this original way: "What man is there who has forgotten his first smoke? The memory of your first love, or of your first shave, is a dim and faded shadow compared with the impression left by that first puff of real tobacco." The fiction of this number is poor. "The Caliph's Daughter" has the elements of a good story, but the writer is not at home with his subject. No one can write successfully about people and places of which he knows practically nothing. "Whither It Listeth" is an excellent title, but is attached to the story of the love affair of a conventional foot-ball hero and an erratic, unlovable woman. "Ballade of Her Deep Dark Eyes" is the best of the verse. The *Lit.* seems to encroach, in the Alumni Notes, upon the domain of the weekly. The editorial departments might be given more prominence and individuality.

The Window Seat is always the best thing about the *Amherst Lit.* It is original and chatty, and therefore eminently readable. That last word is the measure of success for a college magazine. The college amateur can not expect to produce anything of permanent literary value nor of startling novelty in the presentation of truth, but he can aim at being readable. If he attains this, he surpasses most of his fellows.

By long odds the best thing in the month's exchanges is "A Man All Alone," in the *Wellesley Prelude*. There is a deal of imagination in it to begin with, but it is particularly noticeable for the exquisite simplicity of its writing and the marvelous finish of the details. The writer's

power over the little things shows that she is no beginner. Such a writer should not send all her contributions to a college weekly; there is room for such things as "A Man All Alone" in the great world outside.

The verse of the month is unsatisfactory, but we print the best of it, as usual.

IN OCTOBER.

The earth lies in a golden haze,
The winds blow faint from the dark'ning sky,
Her face no inward pang betrays—
And must she die?
Sweet Mother Nature, must she cease
To blossom? Fainter grows her breath—
And is this gentle calm the peace
That comes with death?

—*Amherst Lit.*

AT EVENTIDE.

Dearest, at the eventide,
Oft in the quietness I lie,
When the noisy, noisy world has, for a season, passed me by,
And left me free
To think of thee,
To think, perchance, of thee and sigh.

Whatever the world can give,
Wealth, and name, and fame, and power,
All, alas, seems sadly poor at the coming of the twilight hour,
A smile of thine
Is still divine,
Though in the west the tempest lower.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

THE MOONLIT SEA.

Soft is the air, and dreamily
The sad, sweet voices of the sea
In cadence low float to my ear
With weird, fantastic melody.
The mighty surges, rising grand,
Rush rolling, threatening, breaking on,
Upon the long white stretch of sand,
Throw silvery, sparkling flecks of foam.

The ocean dark, before my eyes,
Tumultuous rolls with mighty sweep;
I watch in restless rise and fall
The heaving bosom of the deep
Forth from her distant hiding place,
Her silvery rays swift stealing near,
The radiant moon uplifts her face
And quick dispels the shadows drear.

Like elfin sprites, with footsteps light,
The moonbeams dance in silent glee,
The spirits of the air come down
To greet the spirits of the sea.
Bathed in the warm, refulgent glow
The foamy sands before me lie,
The soft-winged clouds with breasts of snow
Float idly through the night on high.

Beside the foamy, moonlit sea
Thus peacefully the hours speed ;
Corroding care is put to flight—
To toil and grief we give no heed.
Their life has less of dreary sighs,
Their future takes a sunnier hue,
And faith and hope come from the skies
The fainting spirit to renew.

—*The Brown Magazine.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE JEWS UNDER ROMAN RULE. By W. D. MORRISON. \$1.50.
(NEW YORK: G. P. PUTMAN'S SONS.)

Mr. Morrison's addition to "The Story of the Nations" series covers a period of only three hundred years, and yet within those three centuries forces were developed which have exerted a tremendous influence upon our civilization—may almost be said to have shaped it. We have had plenty of studies of the rise of Christianity from a theological standpoint, but so far as we know, Mr. Morrison's book is the first one devoted exclusively to a study of this period from the standpoint of universal history. The contact of the Jews with the Western World has been neglected. At first we see Roman and Hebrew acting together with the common purpose of weakening Syria. It was only after years of alliance that the renewed spirit of conquest under Pompey changed Palestine to a subordinate territory and eventually a province. With the hatred of everything Roman, which sprang up under the changed conditions, it is interesting to observe the subtle influence of the Greek thought upon the Jewish mind. Had it not been for the universal empire of the Roman and the universal language of the Greek, humanly speaking, the disciples of Christ would have remained a Jewish sect. Aside from its historic value the story of this period, with the splendor of Imperial Rome in full blaze, the hopeless struggles of the Jews and the dispersion of this most clannish people, is a vivid and interesting one. Mr. Morrison's book is the twenty-ninth in this valuable series, and is not surpassed by any preceding volume. To those who wish to study a vital chapter in the history of Christianity and civilization we recommend this book.

THE STORY OF SCOTLAND. By JOHN MACKINTOSH, LL.D. \$1.50.
(NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

The love that Princeton men bear for Scotland is strong and not unreasonable. Scotchmen and the descendants of Scotchmen helped to lay the foundations of our venerable college, and for twenty years of glorious history a Scotchman was its President. In the bent figure of the strong man—James McCosh—we see a type of that hardy, intellectual race, whose fighting men have been no mean foes, whether they wielded the sword or the pen. "The Story of Scotland" does not end with the merging of the government with that of England, but comes down to our day. We have here an account of that strange clan-life the long-lived relic of primitive conditions; of the border wars immor-

talized in ballad; of the unequal struggle with Roman and Danish and English invaders, which served to make a nation of hostile tribes; of the dark days of religious persecution; of the union with England; of the rallying of the Highlanders under the standard of the Old and Young Pretenders in 1715 and 1745; and of the long period of peace in which the Scotch mind has had a world for a pupil. Covering a space of so many years, Dr. Mackintosh's book is necessarily little more than a chronicle, but it is of great value for its accuracy and impartiality. A peculiar example of the turn of the Scotch mind is found in the custom of conspirators—as, for instance, for the murder of Lord Darnley—to have a bond drawn up and signed with legal formality. The chapter on "Modern Literature of Scotland" shows the great debt which English literature owes to Scotland. Any country would be proud of such names as Hume, Scott, Burns, Thomson, Campbell, "Christopher North," Chalmers, Adam Smith, Hamilton and Thomas Carlyle. The chapter on "Religious Movements" is not the least interesting in this valuable book.

THE UNWRITTEN CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

BY CHRISTOPHER G. TIEDEMAN, A.M., LL.B. \$1.00. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

The author takes advantage of the awakening of the American people to the importance of political and constitutional study, and he sets before us the growth of the Federal Constitution, not by amendment, but by judicial interpretation and the habit of the people. He says that "all political constitutions undergo a constant and gradual evolution, keeping pace with the development of civilization, whether there be a written constitution or not; that these changes generally take place without formal amendments to the written constitution." No one will question the truth of that statement. In the opening chapter Prof. Tiedeman discusses municipal law in general. He attacks the commonly accepted definition of Blackstone that law is "a rule of conduct *prescribed by the supreme power of the state*," and he gives due prominence to customary or common law and to judge-made law. He considers Lynch law in an unsettled country as real law, though in a rude state of development. In discussing the origin of the Constitution the author shows that a constitution, to be operative, must have its roots in the habit of the people, and that our Constitution as a whole was of such a character. In a later chapter he cites the Electoral College as an example of a made-to-order provision which proved a failure. In other chapters he studies the most prominent features of the Constitution. The author thinks that decided disapproval of the President's serving for more than two terms has been expressed by the people, and that this opposition is as prohibitive as an amendment to the Constitution would be. The chapter on State Sovereignty, with its adequate treatment of the idea of sovereignty, is a particularly able one. The last chapter presents "The Real Value of Written

Constitutions." The value of our Constitution lies in the fact that the Supreme Court, with the life tenure of office, is removed from an overpowering temptation to yield to popular clamors in its interpretation of that instrument.

THE ART OF PLAYWRITING. BY ALFRED HENNEQUIN, PH. D.
\$1.25. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.)

There is presented in this little volume a concise but thorough review of the art and historical bearing of dramatic production. It will be a decided help to the playwright, the student and the dramatic critic, as the author suggests in his title page. The treatise begins with the technical part of the theatrical business. The officers of the theatre, the stage, the scenery and general directions are first discussed, appended to which are a few stage perspectives. Different kinds of plays are treated, special emphasis being laid on the "Mediated Tragedy." He defines it thus: "The play as a whole is of a serious character and seems tending to a tragic catastrophe, but at the conclusion the disaster is averted and all ends happily." A complete classification of drama, ancient and modern, is a valuable addition. The real value of the book, however, lies in the hints and suggestions as to theoretical construction. The author discusses the elements of a play, the essential characters, the theatrical conventionalities. The work closes with advice and caution regarding dramatic production. Many of the touches, especially the knowledge of minutiae, indicates the writer's thorough acquaintance with his subject. He has also displayed the faculty of making the technical details interesting, not only to the dramatist and the dramatic critic, but also the casual critic.

DIGEST OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE. BY PROF.
ALFRED H. WELSH, A. M. \$1.50. (CHICAGO: S. C. GRIGGS AND COMPANY.)

The field of belles-lettres is enriched by the appearance of Professor Alfred H. Welsh's new and original book on American and English Literature. It has been a question of peculiar concern to instructors in this department how to provide their classes with a text, both comprehensive and detailed, on the growth and content of our literature. The universal criticism on works of this profession has been that the great outlines of literary history have been sacrificed in order to bring into greater prominence the rich content of individual writers, or else, on the contrary, the second and third-class authors have suffered complete oblivion at the expense of matter which belongs more specifically to the Philosophy of Literature. Prof. Welsh evidently felt this defect, and guarded especially against either one of these extremes in his valuable and unique "Digest" of our Literature. There are three distinct commentaries on the study of Literature. The cardinal events in a Nation's

history, which in turn, condition more or less the state of society and the progress of civilization, furnish the first two cogent influences in molding the individual character—the third interpreter of a literature. Prof. Welsh has neglected no one of these essential sidelights, and we recommend his work to every student of literature.

THE ANGLOMANIACS. (NEW YORK: CASSELL PUBLISHING CO.)

When "The Anglomaniacs" was appearing in serial form in one of the magazines, every one was guessing at the name of the author, and not until it came to the end, was it discovered that it was the work of Mrs. N. Burton Harrison. The Cassell Publishing Company has sent this "story of our own times" out into the world of readers in a neat, handy form. No one who picks up this charming story will put it down until it is finished. A great many characters one almost seems to know. The plot is interesting, the ending is different from that of the conventional novel, and is, perhaps, too true. The character of the young Englishman, Jencks, Mrs. Bertie Clay and Mrs. Floyd-Curtis, are cleverly drawn, while Lily, in her own sweet way, wins our hearts' although we wish she had been more independent. "The Anglomaniacs" is an artistic and literary conception of the deepest interest throughout.

SIDNEY'S DEFENCE OF POESY. BY ALBERT S. COOK. (BOSTON: GINN & Co.)

For modernizing the spelling and punctuation of the "Defence of Poesy," and providing a careful introduction and notes, Prof. Cook deserves grateful recognition from all who are interested in the revival of Elizabethan literature. The age of Elizabeth is to the modern world what the time of Pericles was to the ancient. During the reign of the Virgin Queen all the typical forms of literary art were practiced and brought to a perfection which has been as rarely excelled as have been the "Zeus" of Phidias and the "Prometheus" of Æschylus in the Periclean age. The works of Sir Philip Sidney are not, however, of this character. Shakespeare's dramas and Bacon's essays have become classic, but Sidney's "Arcadia" and his "Defence" attract us for a totally different reason. Neither the "Arcadia" nor the "Defence" show the perfection of assured workmanship; they are, nevertheless, of great value as indicating the germs of the novel and the critical essay respectively. In the course of the latter work Sidney gives a critical estimate of the English poets, his fundamental design, however, being to prove the superiority of poetry over all other forms of secular writing. As Mr. Cook shows, there is a remarkable similarity between Sidney's theory of poetry and that of Dante and Milton. All three place it upon the same high ethical basis. We would, therefore, especially recommend

the reading of the "Defence" to those dilettant critics who advocate art for art's sake.

The introduction and notes to this little book are all that good scholarship and literary taste could require, with one exception, and this we have already hinted at. The "Defence" is particularly notable as marking the beginnings of literary criticism at a time when the creative, rather than the reflective, spirit predominated. In our judgment, therefore, it would have been well for the editor to have made distinct mention of this fact, and perhaps to have given a short sketch of the growth of the critical tendency in English writers.

LOOKING FURTHER BACKWARD. BY ARTHUR DUDLEY VINTON.
(ALBANY, N. Y.: ALBANY BOOK COMPANY.)

The publication of Mr. Bellamy's ingeniously conceived, though revolutionarily inclined "Looking Backward," has given an impulse to the popularization of economic and socialistic discussion. Mr. Vinton in a succinct and fascinating manner has pointed out the fallacies and impossibilities of the Nationalist theory of government. His book, taking advantage of Bellamy's statement that China, alone of all nations, had continued constant to the old ideas and customs, treats of a war, or rather of a civilized migration of the Chinese army and navy, which took place in the year 2020. He unmistakably shows how loss of individualism and the lack of means for the preparation for self-defence made the United States powerless to repel the invaders. This novel, including as it does, a charming love episode, is so realistic and entertaining that we venture to predict great popularity for it. It should be especially interesting to Princeton men, being dedicated, as it is, to a well known graduate of our Alma Mater.

LOVE AND LORE. BY EDGAR SALTUS. (NEW YORK: BELFORD COMPANY.)

Edgar Saltus is nothing if not unconventional, and this dainty volume of alternating essays and verse, though by no means daring, maintains his reputation for a kind of originality. "The Court of Love" and "The Canons of Pure Courtesy" contain some charming touches. In the "Future of Fiction" and "Morality in Fiction," the author makes something of a defense—though not avowedly—for his own methods. However, he leaves the reader very much in doubt as to his own opinion. He seems to halt half way between Romanticism and Naturalism. He characterizes the choice offered a writer as follows: "The ambitious writer has on one side of him a corpse still warm, in whose features he recognizes Romanticism; on the other is that silk stocking filled with mud, which is the emblem of the Naturalists." Of the page-long poems in this book, "Fiat Nox" seems to us the best. In it he pictures three phantoms struggling for his heart, and concludes:

" Yet still they brawl
 Though Love—the first fair phantom—faints for breath,
 And soon will falter, weary of the fray;
 Then Fame will drop the sword, and both will fall,
 And leave the triple victory to Death "

CHILDREN OF THE WORLD. A NOVEL BY PAUL HEYSE. TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN. 75c. (NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON Co.)

This is the most powerful novel that has appeared for a long time. It is long, filling nearly 600 pages, but we would not have it one page shorter. It deals with the prevalent skepticism of the day in Germany, but it is not polemical, is not an attack upon orthodox Christianity. Instead, it is a strong plea for the same charity to be extended to "seekers after truth," the "children of the world," as is given to the Romanist, the Jew, the Mohammedan, and even the Buddhist. Of course there is no involved plot, but the story is interestingly developed. There are so many strongly marked and well drawn characters that we hesitate in specifying any as the best. The Herr Candidat Lorimer is meant to be and is an utterly contemptible man. The brilliant Mohr, with his want of faith in his own powers, with his strangely blended cynicism and generosity, is the best of the men, while Toinette Marchand, another contradictory character, lovable for herself as well as her beauty, is easily the best of the women.

ASBEIN. FROM THE LIFE OF A VIRTUOSO. BY OSSIP SCHUBIN. TRANSLATED BY ELISE L. LATHROP. 50c. (NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON Co.)

This is said to be the life-story of a great composer, who to-day thrills Europe with his symphonies. But true or not, the story is one of vivid interest. If one may venture the suggestion, "Asbein" is the "Kreutzer Sonata" idealized, with the horror and the bestiality left out. This, too, tells of the love and estrangement of an ill-mated couple, but it differs from Tolstol's novel, in having a reconciliation at the end. Boris Lensky, the virtuoso, a child of unknown lineage, after a boyhood with no softness and no refinement in it, dazzles a world and is idolized by the noble ladies of Russia—idolized as a genius not as a man, and the man in him revolts against it. But there is one exception, one who seems to like him for himself; it is the Princess Natalie Assanow, a beautiful young Russian, and he woos her with the Asbein, the Devil's all-bewitching strain of Arabian tradition. The rest of the book tells of their going apart, and at the end Boris comes back only in time to see his wife die. The author, Ossip Schubin, has already been noticed in this country for his "Oh Thou! My Austria."

MY OWN STORY. BY JOAQUIN MILLER. CLOTH \$1.00, PAPER 50c. (CHICAGO: BELFORD-CLARKE Co.)

This book, as the preface tells us, is the story of the writer's life among the Indians. This race has been written upon in various strains and from widely different standpoints—from the United States Army Re-

parts to Mrs. Jackson's "Ramona." From his long residence among the Indians and through acquaintance with their tribe life and disposition, Joaquin Miller is a man fully capable of judging just how far the Government has been in the wrong in its treatment of the red man. This judgment he sets forth in strong, unmistakable terms. He gives no uncertain sound. His story is full of a quaint beauty. We feel a warm sympathy for the weak and friendless lad as he tells of hunger and peril, sickness and wounds, and this deepens into admiration for his patience in suffering and bravery in actual conflict.

The book is graphic in its description of Rocky Mountain life and scenery. His mountains are Ruskin-like gems of word-painting, and his pictures of trees, cañons, streams and flowers show him to be a true lover of Nature. His "Songs of the Sierras," except in structure, are not more truly poetry than is "My Own Story."

A FELLOW OF TRINITY. BY ST. AUBYN AND WHEELER. (CHICAGO AND NEW YORK: RAND, McNALLY & Co.)

The title of this book, in itself, is enough to entice college men to read it. It is the story of the everlasting struggle of a poor but ambitious university student, who has entangled himself in the ties of matrimony, and fails in his lofty endeavors on that account. The character of the student is none the less interesting, however. In fact, his passionate love for his wife, coupled with an earnest desire to make headway in his university career lends a very subtle charm to the story. He is impelled to this marriage by the death of his tutor, who leaves behind an orphan daughter. He considers it his duty to protect her. The tragic interest of the story is further heightened by the death of the student whose family cares and University studies have proved too much for. Unlike many other books, the story keeps up its interest with the struggles of the mother and her only son. Her beautiful character is reflected in her son, who after various success in schools, gains the honor in the University for which his father had struggled in vain.

THE MAGNET OF DEATH. BY LEW VANDERPOOLE. (NEW YORK: THE VANDERPOOLE PUBLISHING Co.)

The grewsome superstitions of the Hindu fatalists have always a certain attraction about them, even though the personal of a tale founded upon one of them leaves an uncanny impression on the mind of the reader.

"The Magnet of Death" tells a terrible story, but it is suggestive. Whether love has in it a mighty force "forever sweeping all wanton breakers of human hearts to resistless retribution" may be disputed, but there is something enthralling in the story of that awful attraction which leads the erring wife to her doom on the grave of her deserted husband. "The Magnet of Death" will be read, and leave its impression, however eerie that impression may be.

NOTES.

"THE INDUSTRIAL FUTURE OF THE SOUTH." *Public Opinion*, the eclectic weekly published in Washington and New York, offers a first prize of \$50, a second of \$30, and a third of \$20 for the best three essays on the interesting question: "The Industrial Future of the South." This is a most timely topic, and great interest will be awakened in the competition. The prizes are to be awarded by a committee of three business men of national repute, who will not know the names of the writers until the decision is made. The essays must be limited to 3,000 words, and must be received by December 15th. Full particulars may be had by addressing *Public Opinion*, Washington, D. C.

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS will be given by the *University Magazine* to the writer of the best story of College Life, or Reminiscences of — College, to be written either by an Undergraduate or Alumnus of any American University. The article to contain not more than 9,000 nor less than 1,000 words, and to be received at the *Magazine* office on or before December 1st, 1890. The award will be made December 20th, 1890. The editor reserves the right to publish any, or to return all but the winning composition. Writers should not sign their names, but use a symbol or word, and enclose the name in sealed envelope with the story.

Volume fourteen of *Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia* takes the work from Exclude to Floyd. We notice the same skill in the selection and treatment of topics and the same careful editing which has characterized the work from the beginning. In fact, as it progresses, its great merit becomes still more conspicuous. The combination of a dictionary and a cyclopedia is an excellent idea and is being well carried out. The judicious use of illustrations is a helpful feature, and the treatment of subjects is clear, direct, and practical. Thus, while it is of great value to professional men, it is also a thoroughly serviceable and helpful work for the masses of the people. Among the subjects treated in this volume are Excommunicate, 3 pages; Extreme Unction, 1 page; Eye, 20 pages; Faith and Faith Cure, each over 1 page; Faraday, 2 pages; Fertilizers, 1 page; Feudal System, 4 pages; Firearms, 6 pages; Fishery, 7 pages; Florence, 5 pages; Floriculture, 2 pages. Covering the various fields of agriculture, manufacture, commerce, science, art, invention, history, religion, law, biography, and politics, the work is truly *manifold* in character as well as name. Specimen pages free; sold on easy installment, if desired. John B. Alden, Publisher, New York, Chicago and Atlanta.